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The Siege of Vicksburg



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The Siege of VICKSBURG

FROM

THE DIARY OF SETH J. WELLS

INCLUDING

WEEKS OF PREPARATION AND OF
OCCUPATION AFTER THE
SURRENDER

DETROIT, MICHIGAN
WM. H. ROWE, ⁹ Publisher,
1915.

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In Loving Memory

OF

Seth James Wells

AND

Frank Ewell Wells

Foreword

The Diary of Seth J. Wells from June 14th, 1861, to July 9th, 1864, relates to the every day life of the soldier in camp and field and records its tramps and hardships cheerfully borne.

The Siege of Vicksburg is taken from the Diary.

He was born on April 26th 1842 in Iowa, Des Moines County, near the village of Rising Sun and was reared in his Grandfather Ewell's family on the "Ewell Farms" in Michigan, Macomb County, near the village of Utica.

He was wounded in battle and died a few days later in a hospital at Vicksburg on July 9th 1864. He enlisted on June 12th 1861 and served in three companies of the United States Army during the Civil War: Company E, 12th Indiana; Company K, 17th Illinois; Company G, 8th Illinois. The brothers, Frank and Seth, were together in Company K, 17th Illinois.

S. E. K.

The Siege of Vicksburg

DUNLAP SPRINGS, Nov. 3, 1862. We have built a snug log house and last night for the first and probably last time have slept in it; for our company has orders to move down town and act as city guards. There are eight or ten regiments here, some of them new ones from Jackson, Miss. The new regiments, like all new ones, have great confidence in themselves and think the war is to be settled by them and them only. There is an undercurrent of jealousy existing between the old and new troops. The old troops call the new ones "forty dollar men," "bounty men," and "home guards." Last Friday, Oct. 31, we had general review from Gen. McPherson who is here commanding the post. There were twenty regiments, ten thousand men, I should judge, on the field. There is a great forward movement taking place. All the troops started out on the Grand Junction road this morning with the exception of the 43rd, and 17th Ill. The weather is fine, the days are warm and pleasant, but the nights are very cold and frosty. About once in ten days we have a northeast rain-storm, followed by cold weather and sleet. We are on guard every other day, sometimes every third day.

Nov. 7. We got a buggy shed from the citizens, boarded it up tight, built a furnace in it, and were

just putting on the finishing touches, (battening up the cracks with cotton) when we received marching orders. Such is the fortune of war.

Nov. 8. We struck our tents and started for Grand Junction about 10 o'clock. The boys are in fine health and spirits. We marched about nine miles and camped by a clear spring.

Nov. 9. Sunday. We marched about fifteen miles today and arrived at La Grange, three miles west of Grand Junction. It is dry and very dusty. Sometimes the dust was so thick we could not see the ground. That and the smoke and heat from the burning fences was almost intolerable. We passed miles and miles of burnt and burning fences, fired by troops in advance. Large and fine farms and plantations were laid waste. We met fully forty teams of four and six mules each, loaded with wenchies and young woolly heads, and all their personal effects, and in fact all they could smuggle from their masters. Ask them where they are going and they will tell you, "You folks sent's to Bolivar, don't know where wes goin' from thar." I blistered my feet badly on the march. We hear that Hollow Springs is evacuated. We have very stringent orders in regard to stealing. Everything has to be paid for by the division when it cannot be traced to the company, regiment or brigade of the persons committing the theft. I hope they will be enforced.

Nov. 14. All quiet. We had brigade drill this forenoon. Our brigade consists of the 7th Missouri, 8th, 63rd and 18th Illinois, commanded by Col. Stevenson of the 7th Missouri. Our regiment is the first of the fourth brigade, third division, of the right wing of Gen. Grant's army. Gen. John A. Logan made a speech to the troops this afternoon.

Nov. 20. Col. Stevenson made a few remarks to us this morning after drill. He is good natured and jolly, and a fine speaker. He gave us great praise and said he had the 7th Missouri, 8th and 63rd Illinois, with the pick of another five or six regiments, among them ours. He took us and placed us on the right of his brigade in preference to any other.

Nov. 21. Our brigade was reviewed by Generals McPherson and Logan this afternoon. Gen. McKean's brigade was reviewed today.

Nov. 24. There was grand review this afternoon. Generals McPherson, Grant and Logan were the review officers. The weather is fine but the nights are very cold.

Nov. 25. On picket one mile southeast of LaGrange, the night was very cold.

Nov. 27. We received orders to pack up and be ready to move down town this morning, where we were to be quartered and remain as provost guard. We marched down about 8 o'clock and

secured our quarters. Sixteen, including Frank and myself, took a room upstairs in an old grocery with an old stove. During the day we fixed our bunks and got some benches from a church close by, and by night had things quite comfortable. LaGrange comes nearer to being like a northern town than any other I have seen in the South.

Nov. 28. I was on guard in front of the Provost-marshal's office today. The troop began to move toward Holly Springs long before day light. While I was in town five batteries and as many brigades passed. Gen. Grant passed us a number of times. He is looking a great deal better than when at Inka.

Nov. 29. The troops have mostly passed out and it is getting quiet once more.

DEC. 1. While I was looking out of the window this morning at some recruits for the 48th Indiana, whom should I see but John Metternich of our old company. (Co. E, 12th Ind.) He was as much surprised as I; the last time I saw him, his head was bruised and bleeding as the result of a spree. This morning a band of guerillas came up within about two miles of this place, captured a number of mules and burned the cotton they were hauling.

DEC. 2. Tuesday. The 109th Ill. came in tonight.

DEC. 4. I was on guard today. It rained nearly all day, and toward night we had a real northerner.

DEC. 5. Late in the afternoon it turned cold and began to freeze and snow.

DEC. 6. Ground is frozen quite solid this morning, for the first time this winter. There is some excitement among the boys of the 17th in regard to a report that Gov. Yates has ordered home ten of the old regiments to recruit and fill up their ranks. If any go, the 17th will probably be one of them, as the company reports only twenty-two for duty.

DEC. 7. Sunday. I was detailed for guard this morning and stood before the provost marshal's office.

DEC. 9. On fatigue. Weather fine.

DEC. 10. Weather fine. We had dress parade at 4 o'clock.

DEC. 11. Weather warm. I was on fatigue nearly all day, cutting and hauling wood for the company. We had dress parade at 4 o'clock. Just at dusk the news came in that a guerilla band was to attack us before morning. Fifty men from our regiment and forty-eight from the 126th (which is here doing picket duty) were detailed to build breastworks of cotton, four hundred bales of which lay near the depot. Col. Norton and Major Bates did the engineering. After they had finished we

lay on our arms during the night, but no enemy made its appearance, and about 7 o'clock we were ordered back to camp.

DEC 12. Quite sore from chopping and rolling cotton. Our Colonel, Amos Norton, is Commander of the Post, and Rats is provost-marshal, Col. Smith commanding the regiment. Toward dark a rumor was rapidly circulated through the camp that we were ordered to Holly Springs, Miss. No one could tell where it started from, and consequently no one credited it.

DEC. 13. Marching orders, sure enough. We drew three days' rations this morning, with orders to have two cooked and in our haversacks, ready to march at 5 o'clock the next morning. I have a new pair of boots which I expect to break in on the march—or they will break me. We were relieved this morning by the 126th. I have a very severe cold.

DEC. 14. Sunday. Reveille sounded this morning a little after 2 o'clock. We filled our haversacks, got our breakfasts, and by daylight were ready for the march. We fell into ranks, the regiment was formed, and then we witnessed an unexpected ceremony which is disgusting to every true soldier—the drumming out of a fellow soldier for disobedience and disgraceful conduct. I should prefer death to being marched between two lines of a regiment by a guard, at a charged bayonet, with

an escort, the band playing the Rogues March, and the remainder of the regiment standing at charged bayonets; but it was soon over, the ranks were closed, and the regiment started on the march. We crossed Wolf Creek, a fine stream one mile from LaGrange. We passed over a fine country somewhat broken. The army has surely left its mark here. Miles of fences and scores of houses have been burnt. From one place we could count seven or eight ruins. The destruction of property is not countenanced by a good soldier, but every regiment has its straggling, order breaking reprobates that are a disgrace to the flag they fight under. We reached Coldwater toward night and camped. I was on guard. I came across an old cove who helped build dam No. 4, in Maryland, and knew all the citizens who live there now.

DEC. 15. We struck tents early, packed our effects as snugly as possible, and as on the preceding morning, shouldered our knaps. It rained during our entire march to Holly Springs, the flower city of the South, and on our arrival there the flood gates of heaven opened and the rain poured down on our defenseless heads in torrents. We stood it about two hours before the Colonel could secure quarters. Three-fourths of a mile up the railroad track we found a very large rebel arsenal, but were wet to the skin long before we

reached this shelter. It continued to rain all day without intermission.

DEC. 16. We packed up twice to change our camp today, but the order was countermanded each time. The arsenal is a very extensive building and the rebels turned out one hundred small arms per day. We are preparing it for an extensive hospital. Quartered here again tonight. I went up to the depot and while there met old Captain Backman, of Co. C, 12th Ind. Reg. He is now sutler in the same regiment, which is located but a few miles below here doing picket duty on the railroad.

DEC. 17. Toward night we received marching orders and started for Abbyville at dark. We heard that there was great excitement at Jackson, as an attack from a detachment of Bragg's men was expected. We marched about eight miles from town and crossed the Yazoo swamp, where we camped for the night. The next morning we again packed up and started for Abbyville.

DEC. 18. We arrived at the Tallahatchie Bottoms about noon. Bissell's engineer regiment is encamped here. It has just finished the railroad bridge over the river and the cars now pass on to Oxford in advance. There was a clearing with two redoubts which we passed before entering the woody bottoms of the Tallahatchie. The teams were halted and we slung our knapsacks and

carried them over the marshy bottoms. We had advanced but a short distance when the formidable earthworks which the Rebs had erected, loomed up before our eyes. When we once more struck terra firma we were halted, unslung our knaps, and when the teams came up, packed them on the wagons. I started on and entered the camp of the 12th Ind. Volunteers. Found the old members of Co. E. divided among two companies—F and I, both gotten up at Warsaw. We arrived at Abbyville in the middle of the forenoon. The country between LaGrange and Abbyville is rough and hilly.

DEC. 19. Jesse Walker and I went out foraging and succeeded in capturing a shoat. The nigs were left very destitute and there will be a great deal of suffering if the government does not feed them. There is a report that Jackson, Tenn., is threatened by Bragg; that there is fighting there and our communications are cut off, at any rate troops are on the move, being taken back by rail as fast as possible. There is a great battle being fought this morning by Burnside's men. They have already fought one whole day. Burnie has crossed the river and holds Fredericksburg.

DEC. 20. The news came in this morning that Holly Springs was entered at daylight and captured. The Rebels took over two hundred thousand dollars and burned the depot with all the

stores and the arsenal we had fitted up for a hospital. After dinner we were set to work building breastworks of cotton, having captured one thousand bales from the C. S. A.. When we first came here the regiment was scattered along the railroad, one company in a place extending nearly to Oxford. Companies G and K were kept here, this being the headquarters of Regiment 1, Norton commanding the Post. Two companies below were sent up, and by night we had a complete breastwork of cotton bales, regular old hickory style.

DEC. 21. The long roll was beaten at 3 o'clock this morning. The company was formed and we marched down to our cotton fort where we lay until daylight, when the other companies marched to their camps, and we back to ours. Last night a division of cavalry passed, going north. It was composed of the 3rd and 4th Ill., 7th Kansas and 3rd Mich. Just before night Generals Ross and McArthur came into town with their respective divisions. They are moving back for some cause. The weather is fine but the nights are very cold. It is what people call pleasant fall weather in Michigan. We have had no more snow since the flurry in September, and the weather never was more favorable for a winter campaign. The army is well clothed, having as much clothing as the soldiers wish to pack.

DEC. 22. On guard in Frank's place, he has

gone foraging ten miles below. More troops passed on their way back.

DEC. 23. Gen. Grant passed through here this morning on the train. The division of Denver's, (ex-governor of Kansas, for whom Denver City was named) passed through here today also. The troops are all coming up further north. The cars are going north loaded with cotton. I think this is a cotton expedition.

DEC. 24. On picket guard today. Got my boots half soled. Gen. McPherson passed through here, and Logan's division is coming up and passing through. Our old brigade (Col. Stevenson's) also passed. A train came in a little after dark and was loaded with cotton. The country is stripped of everything and so we are on half rations. All the hogs and live stock have been killed. The Negroes are suffering and I think they would welcome their old masters. There are a great many leaving, a large carload left today. We have poorer fare than at any time since we enlisted.

DEC. 25. *Christmas*. I came off guard duty this morning. We drew half rations for four days and part of that was cornmeal. Our coffee is rye and in small quantities at that. The boys have gone out to see if they can find a stray hog or beef for Christmas dinner. Oh! if I could be at home today.

One o'clock. We just now received marching orders to be ready tomorrow morning. Frank, Bill, Buttons and Boggs of our mess, and Ragan and Doughty of the Peacock mess, fetched in a whole beef, and a few minutes later Abe, John and Scott brought in a whole hog. If we live on half rations it will not be of meat, as we have a hog and half a beef. It is very warm and pleasant today, I lay down and took a nap, but the flies were so troublesome I could hardly sleep.

DEC. 26. Warm and raining. We were astir early, cooked our breakfasts, filled our haversacks with meat and what little bread we had, and fell in about 7 o'clock. It began to rain and we had gone but a mile or two when we were wet through. We secured two ox teams, one of six oxen, and one of four, which hauled our knapsacks. The 12th Ind. is still camped on the Tallahatchie. Saw Lieut. E. Webster and Tom Anderson, they are living on quarter rations. Capt. Williams, now Colonel of the regiment, was at Holly Springs at the time it was captured and he was taken for the third time. We marched to the Yazoo Bottoms and camped on the opposite side. It rained and we were completely soaked. The ground was muddy and I looked around, found a stack of corn, dug down to the dry stalks, husked out a lot and made a bed for myself. We are within seven miles of Holly Springs.

DEC. 27. Warm and rainy this morning. We struck out tents, fell in about daylight and marched through to Holly Springs, where we saw the effects of the late raid.

A long ambulance train, a large hotel and one whole block was burned, also the whole of the large arsenal building which we had prepared and were using for a hospital, the large depot and all the supplies that were in it, two or three engines and a long train of cars. When the magazines exploded it jarred out nearly all of the window glass in that part of the town. We camped on the north side in a beautiful grove. As soon as camp was laid off we killed one of our oxen which had labored so faithfully in hauling our knapsacks here, and drew one more day's rations to finish out our four days. The boys have taken the mills into their own hands and are shelling and grinding corn, what they should have done long ago, live off the country. They tell us that we are the first regiment of the first brigade, sixth division (Gen. Arthur's) of Grant's department. There has been no time to parole the sick.

DEC. 28. Sunday. We lay here all day, all is quiet.

DEC. 29. A foraging party went out this morning. One of our boys killed five hogs and thirteen chickens, and found two government wagons and two barrels of molasses that the Rebs had taken

out from Holly Springs and hidden. At 3 o'clock we had orders to move in twenty minutes for Moscow, a small town ten miles west of LaGrange on the Memphis and Charleston railroad. We marched to the opposite side of Coldwater and camped for the night. Our brigade was in advance of the division and our regiment in advance of the brigade.

DEC. 30. Rained a good deal last night. We were up early. Our regiment was rear guard to the wagon train today. It cleared off early and was quite cool, making a fine day for marching. We carried our knapsacks as on the previous day, and marched about eight miles. Fine country between Coldwater and Moscow, that is for Mississippi. Most plantations have fine mansions. There have been but few troops over this road, consequently cattle and hogs are quite abundant. Our boys drove in about sixty hogs and most of them are fine, fat ones. When they came into camp the boys pitched in, each man for himself, and our mess got half a hog.

DEC. 31. Last night was very cold. It snowed quite hard. The regiment formed this morning and guns were fired off. We were formed for muster at 2 o'clock yesterday. Abe left our mess, also Geo. Scott, both were ill.

JAN. 1, 1863. Thursday. Bright and clear, warm and pleasant. How well do I remember two

short years ago today when we took a sleigh ride and made a regular family visit at Uncle Tim's. Since then I have traveled over four thousand miles, five hundred and eighty of which I marched with gun on my shoulder; have seen more vice and drunkenness than I ever supposed existed, yet I hope I am morally no worse than when surrounded by kind relatives and friends. An orderly call beat immediately after reveille this morning at which time we received orders to cook our rations and be ready by half past seven. We cooked our fresh pork and by the appointed time had it in our haversacks, and our knapsacks strapped on our backs, ready for the march. We went eight miles and camped close to a small town called Lafayette, situated on the Memphis and Charleston R. R. As soon as we had pitched our tents, Chas. Berry and myself went out one mile from camp and killed a hog. We are now the first regiment of the first brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General McArthur, of Gen. Hamilton's corps, of the left wing of Gen. Grant's army. We were put in the rear of the brigade today as a special guard to keep up the stragglers.

JAN. 2. Struck out tents early this morning and marched to Colliersville, a distance of seven miles from Lafayette and twenty-four from Memphis. As soon as we had stacked our arms and broken ranks, John Cumbersworth and I went out

a mile and a half from camp and got a fine hog. While we were skinning it our orderly-sergeant, Sullivan, Jesse Walker and Mike Walsh were captured not more than a quarter of a mile distant, by a band of rebel cavalry. Sullivan turned and ran and several shots were fired after him, which we heard plainly but we thought it was the boys shooting hogs. When we got into camp Bob Dew and Charlie Berry came in with their paroles, they having been caught by the same company. Five paroled from Co. K in one day. Five such days' work will muster Co. K out of service. The 17th Ill. at present musters about three hundred and fifty men. On guard tonight; storming fearfully.

JAN. 3. Quite pleasant during the day, but it rained heavily all night.

JAN. 4. We had inspection at 1 o'clock. Col. Norton's tent burned today.

JAN. 5. Monday. I am on guard at the depot today.

JAN. 8. Orders are very strict. If caught outside of the pickets the fine is ten dollars. We get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and stack our arms. I am on parole guard today. We expect to move in a day or two.

JAN. 11. The regiment was formed at 4 this morning. In the afternoon we received marching orders. Our division has been moving up all day.

Logan's division is here. The stockade fort that the contrabands are at work on near the depot is almost completed. At 4 o'clock we had dress parade. Orders were read, fining the absentees from roll call since the last of December, one dollar each time.

JAN. 12. We were called up at half past three this morning and were on the road inside an hour, and by sunrise were four miles on the way. We arrived at Germantown about 10 o'clock. It is a village. At five minutes before 12 o'clock we halted for dinner, and started again on our march at 1 o'clock, our regiment in advance. We reached the edge of a town at dusk where we learned that we were selected as guard at the navy yard. As we passed through the town, the little children followed us and hurraed for Jeff Davis. We moved to the upper end of town and encamped on land adjoining the navy yard. Col. Norton bought five cords of wood for us. He made a speech in which he said Gen. Hamilton ordered McArthur to send his best disciplined regiment here as guard, and he wanted us to be strict, orderly, and diligent. He also said the duty was a kind of secret service (how so I do not understand). The guerillas crossed over last night, cut around and burned a steamer. We are very tired this evening, having made the heavy march of twenty-six miles.

JAN. 13. We moved into the navy yard this

morning. Had seven men detailed for guard. I was one of them. We were put on camp, or chain guard. I don't see where the secret service comes in, for my part. I was down to see the ex-reb gunboat, "Gen. Bragg," she was injured at Vicksburg and is being repaired. There are five or six mortar boats lying close to shore.

JAN. 14. I came off guard this morning. It rained very hard all the latter part of the night. Another boat load of troops came down last night, making five or six in all. They are from the Kansas Valley Division of Fremont's old forces.

JAN. 15. About six inches of snow fell last night and it has snowed all day. The citizens say it is the heaviest storm they have seen in a number of years. By night it was about ten inches deep. The paymaster paid off all but our company today.

JAN. 16. We were paid off this morning, after which there was a general settling up of accounts. I drew \$41.00; \$25.00 advance bounty, one month's advance pay, and \$3.00 premium for re-enlisting. I expressed \$25.00 home. It is very cold this morning, not more than five or six degrees above zero. Towards noon the report came that we were to be relieved. We were almost frozen, having no chance to fire up and keep warm. These are the dark days of a soldier's experience.

JAN. 17. I was on guard supernumerary in the

daytime and stood beyond Wolf Creek at night. instructions to be ready at 6:30 o'clock in the morning to go aboard the transports for down the river.

JAN. 18. We were up early and had our things packed at 8 o'clock, fell into ranks and marched down to the wharf and on board the "Superior," a fine river boat. The 11th Ill., 17th Ill., and part of the 16th Wisconsin regiments are on our boat. It took all day to load and at night we went up to the coal yard just above town to coal up. Abe and I made our bed down on the top of the hurricane deck. About midnight it began to sleet and rain, and before morning our blankets were completely soaked. It was about as disagreeable a night as I ever spent.

JAN. 19. Cold, rainy and windy. We lay here all day coaling up, and suffered with the cold. Most of the boys kept warm by drinking whisky. Nearly all have their canteens full. We have details patrolling the town, picking up the stragglers. Still rainy and disagreeable. At 1:30 the boats backed off and started down the river. We stopped a few minutes at the forts, two or three miles below the town. There are fifteen boats in the fleet, among the principal ones are the "Nettie Dean," "Silver Moon," "Minnehaha," "Platte Valley," "Superior," "Maria Denning," "Sunnyside,"

"St. Louis," "Gate City," "Mary Forsythe," "City of Madison," "Arago," and "Belle Reora." Our regiment lost about fifty men at Memphis, three from our company. At dark we tied up to the Arkansas shore. It was dreary and cold but I went on shore on purpose to put my foot on Arkansas soil. We set our pickets and stayed all night. Abe Van Aukin and I slept under Jim Mitchell's bunk, the same as the night before and slept fine.

JAN. 21. The boat shoved off at daylight and started down at 10 o'clock. We arrived at Helena, a small town, where we stopped about three hours, and then went on down the river. It is thickly timbered on both sides most of the way. There are a few farm houses scattered along. At sundown we tied up to the Arkansas shore just forty miles above Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas river. As soon as we halted the "Silver Moon" played several tunes on her calliope. I went back to a little town of Nig quarters just over the levee, about one-half a mile from the river and tried to get something to eat, but they had nothing to sell or give. Everything was eaten up and the levees were all breaking away and they could not repair them as the able bodied had run away. Most of the Whites that are not in the Rebel service have left. One of our boats was fired on today. We passed Napoleon about 9 o'clock. At sundown we tied up at the Mississippi shore, eighty miles above

the mouth of the Yazoo, and opposite the state of Mississippi.

JAN. 23. We started at sunrise as on the preceding morning. The wind blew quite strong, making it difficult for some of the smaller boats to keep up. When we were within a few miles of the Yazoo, the flagship "Platte Valley" halted and gave us the signal to close up. We closed up in regular order and about 3 o'clock came in sight of a fleet of eighty transports and gunboats at the mouth of the Yazoo. We halted about one mile above them, and twelve miles from Vicksburg by water, or eighty by the short cut on the Louisiana side. The troops here tell us our boys are working on the Farragut's canal and are to have it finished in a few days. We slept in the boat last night, Abe and I in our old place. The country for over a hundred miles above here is quite thickly settled by wealthy planters. On some of the plantations the Negro quarters form quite a town. The trees on the shore are covered with a long vine-like growth called Spanish moss. It is light green in color, and gives an appearance of being dead and covered with icicles.

JAN. 24. Rained all day; slept in the boat last night.

JAN. 25. Sunday. The regiment was formed early this morning and we moved back out of the levee into camp. The river is rising, it is on a level

with our camp. It is warm and pleasant, a real spring day. There was heavy firing this evening down the river. I saw the "Chillicothe" tonight. There were four men detailed to go down to the ditch tomorrow.

JAN. 26. Warm and rainy. More boats went down last night, one war boat and several transports. We heard heavy firing this morning, supposed to be the gunboats. The river is still rising.

JAN. 28. Bill Boggs and myself secured a pass this morning early and started down to the canal. We followed the river bank until we were about one mile and half from the ditch, when we saw that we were upon a bayou that ran back up the river about two miles. We had to turn back, feeling pretty badly sold as it made us four miles extra walk. Young poplars were so thick that we could not see where we were for a while. The levee is broken in two places. Our division (6th McArthur) is repairing the upper one, and the lower division the lower one. The water is running through here badly. They are planting artillery behind the levee all along between camp and the ditch. The levee forms a substantial breastwork. One mile this side of the ditch we came, for the first time, within full view of Vicksburg. The town lies upon the west side of a sloping bluff. One large church and the court house and one earthworks could be distinguished quite plainly.

The town did not look more than two or three miles distant, but it is not less than eight. An officer was looking through a glass, he could see transports at the wharf, and a crowd collected around someone who was taking observations. As we passed the mouth of the Yazoo we could look up and see three or four gunboats and as many rams, while on this side lay the "Chillicothe" and three rams. As I was going down I was hailed by two cavalry men who had just passed me. On looking up, whom should I see but Oll and Dave Hubler, formerly of Co. E, 12th Ind. They belong to Co. C, 4th Ind. cavalry. They told me that Geo. Hissung is down here. They are body guard to Gen. Smith. Pat Gallegher and Bill Humphrey, our old first lieutenant and orderly, are here. Nearby is the far famed ditch. About noon we sat down on its banks and took a good rest. The boys encamped there say the water has risen one foot today. It is now five feet deep and has a rapid current. It averages over twenty feet wide upon the surface. The Mississippi is rising rapidly. I went down to the lower end of the ditch, it is one mile and one-eighth in length. There are heavy details at work throwing up a levee on the west side of it. We have thirty two-pound parrots blockading the river. They are posted behind the levee here. When we arrived Gen. McClernand was taking observations. The

Rebels are throwing up heavy works below the mouth of the ditch upon the opposite side. It is about three miles distant. We could see them moving around, coming up and going away. We lay there about two hours and watched them. We could see two heavy earthworks, or forts, and one line of rifle pits. We went from here up to the head of the ditch. It starts in an eddy and there was a tug, "The Ivy," lying in front to keep out the driftwood. It is hard to tell if the thing will prove advantageous. Large details at work, showing that the generals still have faith in it. We understand that they have sent for a dredge. There are encampments all the way between our division and the ditch. Gen. Steele's division is below the mouth of it. We came back to camp a little after dark, tired and hungry, having traveled during the day about twenty miles, but were amply repaid. McClelland is a homely man, apparently about forty-five years of age, with black whiskers and a Roman nose. I saw a fine looking general, said to be Gen. Steele.

JAN. 29. This is a beautiful day. I am quite stiff and sore from the effects of my walk. There was a detail from the sixth division this morning, mounted on mules and sent out in the northwestern direction upon a scout. Corp. Si. Livingston and Privates Briton and Schultz represented Co. K, 17th Ill. They went about sixteen miles to a

little town called Richmond, where they found a detachment of the enemy, but owing to a large bayou, our boys could not get at them, and had to leave them in possession of the place. We heard heavy cannonading this morning. The Rebs had undertaken to cross with about five hundred head of cattle, but slipped up on it, and they fell into our hands.

JAN. 30. I was detailed on fatigue this morning. The detail from our regiment worked on the big break in the levee. We did a good day's work, and slightly checked the current. The Mississippi continues to rise. Uncle Ben, Scott and Patterson returned from their three days' scout. They had been up the river after beef and had secured fifty head. Mail came in last night, Frank received a letter from Rosalie, dated Jan. 4. Just to think, they have had no snow yet in the north. Generals U. S. Grant and Ross have arrived.

JAN. 31. The first news that greeted us this morning was marching orders. After breakfast we drew four days' rations, two of them cooked, put them in our haversacks, and were ready to march aboard the boats. About 2 o'clock the regiment was formed and we marched aboard the "Crescent City" and the "Ella," escorted by a gunboat, or Ram No. 2. We started in the fore part of the night. Abe and I found a place on the lower deck on the top of a wood pile, and it is well we

did, for it rained nearly all night.

FEB. 1. Sunday. We went forty miles last night. This is a rainy day. Fortune seems to be against us when we float the Mississippi. Our rations in the bread line since we left Bolivar have been mostly hard-tack with cornmeal. We occasionally draw flour. The hard crackers we draw are better now than they have been before. The boats have moved very slowly against the current today. We arrived at Providence the middle of the afternoon, landed above the town, and went ashore. Our company and company F surrounded the town but caught no one. Capt. Wheeler and three or four of us entered the Post Office and searched it. We found a few letters and papers. We broke open the ballot box which was full of tickets voted for Jeff Davis. Abe and I each got us a set of chess men. I got a six-inch drafting rule, also some pamphlets giving the object and description of the K. G. C., or Knights of the Golden Circle. Providence, before the war, must have been a beautiful town, but now it is almost deserted. A few women and children were standing in the doors, nearly scared to death. They scarcely knew what to expect from the long dreaded Yankees. The Post Office is a large brick building, in the back part of which was the equipment of the Sons of Malta. We caught no guerillas. We threw out our pickets and slept upon the

boat, Abe and I upon the hurricane deck, as our wood pile was burned up. It was quite cool for this country, one might say cold. We lay in the boat until the middle of the afternoon. A detail from the brigade went out mule-back this morning on a scout. When we heard that guerillas were out a few miles in the country, our company and company G were ordered out. Col. Dietzler said there was no use in going farther as there were none there, but the boys wanted a little exercise, so they took us about two miles to a nice plantation, where we killed a lot of chickens. Gus Schultz and I caught eight, I caught five and found some eggs. John Cumberworth, also of our mess, got a frying pan which we needed very much. One of our boys was thrown from a mule. It commenced raining just as we started back, and before we arrived at camp we were completely soaked through. We were called aboard and dropped off below town where we remained until morning. The night was very cold and the ground was frozen quite solid. This morning there was a detail of nearly half the brigade for fatigue. We were put to work digging away the levees to let the water into Lake Providence, which is one mile back from the river. There was once a channel between the river and lake in high water, but it is dammed up. The lake makes connections with Red River through bayous. Providence is equally divided

into three parts, they are separated by the old channel, which forms a common for the town. The town is a little higher than the channel, but lower than the levee. The inhabitants are badly scared and are moving out. It will all be inundated when we get the levee cut through. The engineers say there are four feet and six inches of fall between the surface of the river and the surface of the ground below the levee. We worked until noon, and then another relief came on. The regiment moved down to the boats and camped on the other side of the levee. We got a large barroom stove for our tent. This evening there was a detail sent across the river to a large plantation for Nigs. One hundred and forty were caught and sent to Vicksburg. We saw peach trees in bloom today. We met Gen. McArthur and bodyguard when we were coming out.

FEB. 11. Boggs, Buttons and I went over the river this morning on an old flat log. About 10 o'clock Si Livingston and I had permission to go out and get some chickens. We crossed over on the log, baled out an old canoe, and took a ride up the river two miles and a half, and stopped at a beautiful plantation. We could buy nothing. We then struck back for camp, and stopped on the way at another plantation and got five chickens. The steamer "Louisiana" came around this morning with provisions. Two men from company E

knocked down an old Negro and robbed him. It was proven, and Major Peates had them tied up by the hands, with a card on their backs.

FEB. 12. The two men were tied all day. We played ball.

FEB. 13. We played ball again today. It rained last night. Three men of company G were tied up today for running the pickets.

FEB. 14. We were ordered back to Providence this morning. Caught a sheep and brought it along. The roads are very muddy. We met Gen. McArthur on the way back. One of our brigade went on the south side of the lake and the other on the opposite side. They are clearing the brush from the bayou that leaves the lake for Tensa and are stopping up others.

FEB. 15. Sunday. We had a big thunderstorm last night. Part of McClernand's forces came up on the transports this afternoon. The supposition is that all are coming up.

FEB. 16. I was on guard (supernumerary), all day and was not called out. It was rainy this morning.

FEB. 17. Rain all last night and all day today. There has been no work done on the ditch since we came back, on account of the rain. The river is falling fast. A large wharf boat went down at noon.

FEB. 18. Cloudy this morning, though not

raining. The ground is covered with water and mud. The old wooden gunboat "Tyler" is lying here at anchor.

FEB. 19. Tuesday. Warm and pleasant. Mud drying up very fast. Work on the ditch was continued today by four hundred Nigs. We draw rations for twelve hundred Negroes, wenches, children and all. The women and children will be sent into the cotton fields to work. Men are detailed to oversee them.

FEB. 20. Wednesday. Beautiful day. We played ball.

FEB. 22. Friday. On guard. Stood picket in a large cotton field which contains five or six hundred acres of cotton, unpicked. I went back to the cane brake and got a fish pole. The guard of our forage train came in contact with some cavalry in the vicinity of Old River and routed them. In the course of the proceedings a Negro teamster hopped off his horse, drew a revolver and shot a Reb who had just shot one of our Captains, and took two prisoners.

FEB. 23. We were relieved early. The day was fine. A fleet of ten boats landed here this morning, having on board Logan's division. They landed and marched back about three miles and camped on the bank of the lake. John A. Logan looks fine. Colonel Stevenson looks the same as ever. It is rumored that he is trying to get us back into

his brigade. A year ago today George and I explored the caves under the bluff below the dam, and one year ago tomorrow we left the dam. Played ball this afternoon. There are about four hundred Negroes at work on the levee.

FEB. 24. Played ball this forenoon and in the afternoon were detailed to extinguish a fire which destroyed the best part of town. The Post Office, one of the best buildings, was burned. We had dress parade at 4 o'clock. Gen. Logan's address to his troops was read to us. Grant and McPherson were both here today. It is rumored that the "Star of the West" has been captured.

FEB. 25. Our division was inspected today by Major Strong, Inspector-General. Ours was the first regiment inspected. We had a thunder shower in the afternoon and an awful one last night and this morning. Our tent leaked like a sieve. The river is rising very fast. The bank is being leveled to keep the water out of the canal. We had dress parade this evening.

FEB. 28. We mustered and had regiment inspection this afternoon. Major Peats of Co. K complimented the troops quite highly on their clean guns. The ground is drying off fast. The river is still rising. There is much sickness, and about two burials take place every day. The "Rocket" came up tonight, bringing Gen. McPher-

son. I heard an adjutant-general say that the Rebs had sunk the "Indianola."

MARCH 1. We had company inspection at 12 o'clock and dress parade at 5 o'clock. We then drew clothing, which was needed very much. I drew three pair of socks and one pair of trousers.

MARCH 2. On picket in the cotton field today until about 3 o'clock, when Capt. Wheeler, officer of the day, came around and relieved us. They have the steam tug on the lake bank nearly ready to launch.

MARCH 3. We had a short game of ball this morning, but Buttons got mad and broke it up. Negroes are coming in very fast. We had dress parade at 5 o'clock, after which a game of ball. To close the scene Bill Lowe and Ragan had a fight. The river has risen over two inches a day.

MARCH 4. We had dress parade at 4 o'clock. Orders were read for regimental drill of one hour each forenoon and afternoon.

MARCH 5. We received the news of the Conscription Act. It passed both Houses and became a law. It receives the general approval of the soldiers. Peats drilled us from 10 to 11 o'clock this forenoon, and from 2 until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We had dress parade at 4 o'clock. There was an order read from Major Peats awarding a medal, worth not less than fifty dollars, to the best drilled in the manual, and the most prompt

in the discharge of duty. He gives until the 1st of May. A dredge passed here today. Some of our boys found four hundred bales of cotton, a large pile of corn, and about two tons of meat hidden in canebrake and swamps.

MARCH 6. Friday. The gunboat "Tyler" came up last night and is lying here this morning. I helped make out muster-rolls today.

MARCH 7. We had a heavy rain storm last night. I finished making out the muster rolls for January and February.

MARCH 8. Sunday. We had a warm and sultry day which ended in a thunder and hail storm. We had dress parade at 4 o'clock.

MARCH 9. Helped get out the morning report book in the forenoon. At noon the company formed and we marched up town and received our pay. Mine was nineteen dollars. Cold and windy today. At about 2 o'clock heavy cannonading was heard on the other side of the river in the direction of Yazoo City. It was continued until after dark, and in the night it started again and continued for some time.

MARCH 10. Cold, rainy and disagreeable. We paid old Sampson off and let him go. We still have our house and cook in it, and are living very well at present. We draw crackers two-fifths of the time, and flour the remainder. We use cistern water altogether. The spirits of the troops

are higher than they have been in six months. If old Abe would only call back a portion of the first volunteers they could soon annihilate the enemy.

MARCH 12. Bright and pleasant. About one hundred and twenty-five Nigs were set to work this morning to open the old levee and let the water in. We were ordered out of our house this morning. Had dress parade at 4 o'clock. The sentences of F, Co. A and W, Co. C, were read. The charges were attempted desertion. The sentence was the forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and to be confined in the military prison at Alton, Ill., with a ball attached to the leg by a chain four feet long, to serve out the remainder of the time of their enlistment, and at the end of the three years to have "D" branded on their right hips, their heads shaved, and to be drummed out of service. Some letters were read from the parents of the boys, counselling them to desert.

MARCH 13. Clear and pleasant. I made out the quarterly returns. For some reason they have suspended work on the cut.

MARCH 14. Bright and clear. Drill forenoon and afternoon. Dress parade in the evening, the same as yesterday. We had a game of baseball in the evening. I worked all day on the pay rolls.

MARCH 15. Warm and rainy. I arose before roll call and took a walk down to the levee. Vegetation is starting rapidly. Peach trees are just in

bloom, and some are leaved out. Logan's division came down and embarked on transports during the day.

MARCH 16. The long expected opening in the levee was made this evening, amid the shouts and cheers of the two divisions. The water was let through in two places, each about two feet wide. The heavy clay banks melted away rapidly. Along in the night we heard heavy cannonading.

MARCH 17. Hot and sultry. I got up at reveille and went down to see how the cut prospered, and found the water rushing through, a perfect torrent. The channel had washed out about one hundred feet and is still washing. If it does not succeed, it will not be for want of water. Captain Bush went through in a yawl this morning. It was a dangerous experiment, but he came out all right. In the course of the day some of Co. A went through with the same result. Some of the boys disturbed the bricks in one of the vaults in the cemetery and exposed a cast iron coffin, hermetically sealed. The lid was moved and the head and shoulders of a man who had been dead for eighteen years were visible through the glass. It is a shame the way this cemetery has been used. The Nigs are at work putting up a temporary levee between camp and the ditch, as some of the town is being overflowed. The 11th Ill. and 14th Wis. of our division went up the river a few miles and we hear

they had a fight. Logan's division started up this morning.

MARCH 18. The cut has washed about one hundred feet since yesterday. The water in the ditch is rising fast.

MARCH 19. Thursday. Cloudy, looks like rain. Cleaning up and ditching our camp was the order of the day. I was on the detail to dig a ditch on each side of the camp. The banks of the ditch are slowly washing back. It is now about one hundred and fifty feet at the first levee, and two hundred at the second. Water is slowly rising in both the ditch and the lake. The President has given deserters until April to report at a certain depot. Co. K expects about four back.

MARCH 20. Friday. I was up at reveille as usual and went down to the ditch. To my surprise I saw a big oak just outside the channel washed up by the roots. The tree was about three feet in diameter. Another of nearly the same size washed out before noon. I went fishing this morning. We can see fish weighing from forty to one hundred pounds, working up against the current. I threw my spear at them, but they were too far off. I saw a laughable incident this evening in front of McPherson's headquarters. Some of the boys were trying to fasten a yawl to a tree and float down to where the fish were showing themselves in an eddy. The first time they missed the tree and went whirl-

nig into the center of the channel and came very near upsetting. They finally brought it to, and after a good deal of hard work, got it into position for another trial. This time they were successful, caught a projecting limb and pulled themselves into the eddy formed by rushing around the tree. After they had made themselves fast by a long rope, they undertook to get out of the eddy, which proved no easy job, for as soon as one end was pushed into the current the boat would whirl around and back up into its former position. While on the whirl it threw off one man's hat. McPherson and officers and nearly the whole regiment were out watching them, and the cheering was loud enough to raise the dead. It was nearly dark when they got out of their predicament. I worked nearly all day on the company's papers.

MARCH 21. The water rose in the canal so that it ran up into our camp in the night. It washed away the trees that were rooted up yesterday. The channel is smooth and a good boat could go through it. One year ago today we left Winchester, Virginia, on our march for Manasses Junction. Part of Providence was burned this afternoon. The few citizens and Negroes whom the raise of the water had overtaken, were wading in the streets, waist deep, trying to save what things they had left.

MARCH 22. We had orders to draw and cook one day's rations early this morning. The water

rose a good deal last night, and nothing but a small temporary levee keeps the camp from being inundated, and that is being washed away. The cattle and mules are all being driven higher up.

MARCH 23. It rained all night. Our tent leaked like a seive. We still remain in camp but it has rained nearly all day.

MARCH 24. We had a hard storm last night, with heavy thunder. This afternoon some miserable fellows set fire to some buildings, among them a church. Such men should be sent to Alton. The channel is deepening and widening, and the water is rising. It is now about two feet above our camp. I expect some dark night to be wading out to our transports, and that right suddenly. The news came last night that a number of Farragut's fleet were at the mouth of the ditch, below Vicksburg, and that he had taken Warrentown with all its ordinance. Gen. Carr's division went down on transports today.

MARCH 27. Yesterday and today Buck and I were at work copying orders into the company order book. Today they discovered, in Logan's division, a girl who had served eighteen months as a private soldier. They took her to the preacher's to get her a dress and will send her north. A good many of our boys saw her.

MARCH 28. Two large gunboats, both iron

clads, went up early this morning. Troops are passing down.

MARCH 29. We had a lively time last night. A storm of rain and wind began about 10 o'clock in the evening and kept up until about 12, when the wind increased and the rain ceased. Our tent bent and reeled like a willow. I got up to dress before she went over, but had just got my legs into my trousers when down she came full tilt. I finally extricated myself, seized my knapsack and started for dry ground, got into the commissary and spread down, when to cap the climax the levee broke through and the water came rushing in upon us. The drums beat, the boys fell in, and we had a general move up the levee. Most all of the tents blew down and some of them were whipped nearly to pieces. In the meantime Captain Bush had his Negro brigade out, filled them up with whisky, and ordered them into the water waist deep. By dint of perseverance and hard work they succeeded in stopping the break. I took up some boards and passed the remainder of the night beside the cotton pile. This morning the effects of the storm were everywhere present. One of the boats was blown up on the beach, the smoke stacks of two others were blown away, and shanties everywhere were blown down and torn to pieces. It continued cold and windy all day. Charlie Berry came back last night. This afternoon Gen. Smith's (John E.)

division came down and anchored here for the night. In the afternoon some of the boys of the 14th made a break on the sutler's stock. It was no more than done when the 17th and 95th Ill., 1st Kan., and 16th Wis. came rolling over the levee. Canned fruit, boxes of boots, shoes, oysters, oranges, lemons, bales of shirts, pants, socks, drawers, barrels of soda crackers and sugar, boxes of raisins, and in fact everything which the large stock could contain. He had just got in a new assignment, valued at somewhere near \$10,000. The poor old fellow ran around wringing his hands and wishing he had staid in "Chicago." The guard arrived just as they had him completely cleaned out. I can say that my hands are clear of such wholesale robbery. At 9 o'clock roll call the companies had orders to deliver up the contraband articles in their possession.

MARCH 30. Monday. Cold. The boys have turned over most of the stolen goods. Gen Smith's division started on its way down this afternoon. Gen. Grant is concentrating troops rapidly, the grand issue must be approaching, and the sooner the better. This afternoon we drew the old fashioned wedge tents, one for every four men.

MARCH 31. Tuesday. Frank, Newt, Jim Sweeny and I comprise our newly established household, and we were busy until afternoon raising and settling our tent, and building our bunks. We

went out foraging last night and made a raise of boards enough to put up our tent, build our bunks, etc. This afternoon the little tug came out of the lake into the river. We are having very cold weather for the place and time of the year. We hear that Gen. McArthur has acquitted the 17th Ill. of the raid. One year ago tonight the 12th Ind. was camped at Bristo Station, and I made my unsuccessful search for Uncle Lebbeus.

APRIL 1. Wednesday. Last night was cold and frosty. A boat came in with a load of deserters. There were quite a number for the 17th, but none for company K. About the middle of the forenoon a steamer passed up, towing an iron clad. She must have been disabled at Yazoo or at Vicksburg.

APRIL 2. At 11 o'clock last night an orderly call sounded and we received the orders to cook two days' rations, and be ready at 7 o'clock, to board the transport for a foraging expedition. The morning was cool and pleasant. At the appointed time we boarded the steamer "David Tatum" and proceeded slowly up the river. On the way we saw where the levee had been cut in a number of places, the water was rushing through rapidly. All the country back was flooded. We stopped and took a couple of Negroes and a fine yawl. We arrived at our destination about 4 P. M. It was sixty-five miles above Providence Lake. The object was to secure a barge of hay which had been wrecked and

partly sunk the night of the storm. There were six companies of us, and we were divided into reliefs of two companies each, and set to loading the hay.

APRIL 3. We succeeded in getting the boat loaded by 3 P. M., then we started down and landed fifteen miles below and killed a lot of hogs and took a large, beautiful, ten oared boat. It was the nicest thing of the kind I had ever seen. Frank and Doty took some books and got themselves into trouble. We backed off and started down about dusk. Peats had four or five men tied up. We met a fleet of thirteen boats just after starting. After dark there was a light waved on shore as a signal to come to, but the Captain thought it might be a decoy so we steered on down and arrived at our camp about 11 o'clock.

APRIL 4. The paymaster is here and we sign the pay rolls this afternoon for four months' pay. Hospital boats are going below and there is every indication of an approaching engagement.

APRIL 5. Was detailed and worked all afternoon unloading commissaries from the "Wood-sides" to the "City of Madison," a commissary boat of the post. A gunboat went down the river this afternoon.

APRIL 6. Monday. Today is a great day for the 17th, as it is the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh. We moved back to the cotton field this

morning, it being much higher and a better camping ground. It took most of the day to move, raise our tents and settle.

APRIL 7. Tuesday. A general clearing up of camps which took until this afternoon. Tom Martin came back yesterday and an order was read at dress parade returning him to duty.

APRIL 8. Wednesday. At 11 o'clock this forenoon an orderly call was beaten and we received orders to be ready in fifteen minutes with all our arms and all our accoutrements on, to march down with other brigades of the division, to a large plantation house. Upon the porch stood Generals Thomas, McPherson, McArthur, Crocker, and a drove of the "rankest commish," such as Colonels, Lieut. Cols., and Majors. Gen. Thomas was a fine stately looking man, tall, with iron gray hair, and apparently about sixty-five years of age. He was introduced by Gen. McPherson in a pleasant speech. Gen. Thomas then made a few remarks in which he expressed great sympathy for the poor enslaved Africans, and announced the President's settled policy of arming the Negroes. He authorized two regiments to be raised here. He said he had authority to commission officers for said regiments, where the applicants came well recommended. I like the policy. He also said the object of it was to protect the navigation of the Mississippi and defend other Negroes who were at work

on abandoned plantations trying to raise their living. After Gen. Thomas was through, Gen. McArthur was called on. He came forward and gave a short, good natured speech. He was heartily cheered. After him came Col. Reed of the 15th Iowa, Crocker, and Captain Chink, who by the way, is to be Colonel of one of the regiments. When they had concluded we marched back to camp and Gen. Thomas boarded the steamer "Rocket" and started up to Logan's division. When we returned six applications had been handed in for appointments in the regiments of color—from Co. K, namely: Hines, Davis, Foxears, Foster, Chesher and Berry.

APRIL 9. Warm and pleasant, in fact we have had beautiful weather for over two weeks. Major Peats is gone and Capt. Moore is in command of the regiment. Nearly half the company went fishing this afternoon. Buck got a pass to take us outside the pickets and we caught about a mess. We had dress parade at 5:30 P. M. Two boats, the "Edward Walsh" and the "City of Alton" came down with deserters. There were two for our company.

APRIL 10. Warm and pleasant. At 10 o'clock we had muster. The whole U. S. forces are to be mustered today, to find the exact condition of the army, and the number of conscripts needed to fill the regiments up to the required standard. We

had dress parade this evening in which the two deserters were returned to their companies by a regimental order. Our company needs about fifty-four to fill it up.

APRIL 11. Saturday. A beautiful day. On regimental guard. Most of the company have gone fishing. We have as easy and fine times now as it is possible for soldiers to have. Foster got the position of Captain in the new regiment. They had a Negro meeting this afternoon. Chink, and a colored man named Frederick Douglas, spoke.

APRIL 12. We had a hard rain last night. Our new tents did not stand the storm much better than the old ones. They disappointed us much. Captain Wheeler succeeded in getting B..... an appointment in the 9th La., Chink's regiment. Some of the boys are quite hurt to think as poor a soldier as he should have the appointment. They went down below on the "Platte Valley" and brought up a large number of Negro recruits.

APRIL 13. Rainy and disagreeable. Ross's division passed below today. They did not land.

APRIL 14. Cool and cloudy. I was detailed and went down the river foraging. It was about six miles and the roads were very muddy. About 5 o'clock, Hornby's division came down direct from Yazoo Pass. The "Lady of Jackson," the "Duke of Argyle" and other stern wheelers were nearly ruined in that expedition. They were the nicest

boats on the river when they left here a month ago. The 48th Ind. was aboard. I hunted up John Meternich and had a long talk with him.

APRIL 15. Wednesday. Went down and visited with John this morning, until the fleet backed off and started down.

APRIL 16. Gen. McClermand and staff went below today. More troops passed down the river. Some of the troops broke into a sutler's shop night before last, and there is an investigation going on, so we are not to get our pay until it is settled. Capt. Moore spoke to the regiment tonight on dress parade and offered one hundred dollars to the man furnishing the most evidence of the guilty parties. We have review of the division tomorrow, and brushes and blacking are in great demand tonight. The Captain buys it with the company fund and furnishes it to us.

APRIL 17. Our brigade was formed at 8:30 A. M. and we marched down about three miles, where we found the other brigades drawn up en mass awaiting us. We were reviewed by McArthur and everything passed off in style. I think we never did better. We returned to camp about 2 o'clock. Capt. Moore (commanding the regiment) told us he would leave a paper with the Captains of the different companies, for those not implicated in the sutler raid to sign. The Negro regiments are filling up fast. Today I saw one on guard for

the first time. There was heavy cannonading for about four hours last night, and occasionally today. It is supposed the fleet is trying to run the blockade.

APRIL 18. Saturday. Warm and pleasant. Our brigade is ordered down the river for review. It was supposed to be done for Gov. Yates, but he did not arrive, and McArthur took us through, the same as the day before. I think we did slightly better than we did the other time. A little after dark we had an awful storm of wind and rain. I got up and dressed, thought surely the tent was going over, but it was all right.

APRIL 19. Sunday. We got four months' pay today—no pay was deducted. I expressed home \$55 and Frank sent \$45.

APRIL 23. Thursday. On picket at the Negro quarters of the 8th La. Leavitt volunteered to stand my guard. We got orders this evening to prepare three days' rations for a foraging expedition up the river. Capt. Wheeler went home today.

APRIL 24. Friday. We boarded the "White Cloud" this morning and started up to Greenville, where we arrived in the afternoon. A regiment had just boarded transports and started below. We lay there until after dark, then started and landed toward morning, about seventy-five miles above Greenville.

APRIL 25. Buck took Fox, Boggs and I outside the pickets and we went up about two miles to a

fine plantation where we got a lot of butter, a knife, some forks, a chicken, and all the sweet milk we could drink. We found the overseer's account book hidden in an old chicken coop with some other things. At night the chickens, goats, sheep and hogs came in by wholesale, together with a lot of beeves. The object of our expedition was to obtain Negroes and supplies.

APRIL 26. Sunday. Twenty-one years old today. How my mind carries me back to those good old times when I used to welcome this day of all others, when my sister, aunts, and grandpa composed the family circle. What a change! That good old man whose memory I revere and cherish, is gone, and the old place is sold. On picket today. Mosquitoes are very thick.

APRIL 27. It rained this forenoon. We started back about 1 o'clock and arrived at Lake Providence. Found orders there awaiting us, to leave in the morning for Vicksburg. I took a good wash and went to bed. The river is rising very fast. The Captain commanding the expedition did not want us to take off our live stock, but the boys threw them overboard and secured them as they swam ashore.

APRIL 29. Wednesday. Making out muster rolls today. We had dress parade at 5 o'clock. The "Edward Walsh" came up this morning for the 95th and us. We are to return to Stevenson's

brigade. Stevenson is now Brigadier-General. We expect warm work shortly. The river is falling rapidly. It is a number of feet below where it was in the spring when we first came down here. I was walking on the bank this evening when whom should I see but Coon, the little Negro who used to cook for Capt. Williamson. A new iron clad boat and hospital boat went down the river yesterday. I wrote two letters today, one to Rosalie, and one to George Butterfield.

APRIL 30. Thursday. Major Peats returned last evening and at 8 o'clock this morning, mustered us for pay, after which we boarded the steamer "Edward Walsh" for Miliken's Bend. Most of the boys bought what was called blackberry jam, but it was merely liquor in cans and created a drunken row in which some were hurt, one officer and two privates. Arrived at the Bend before dark. The troops have all left, except the convalescents. They took one tent to each company and loaded the train with commissaries, hardtack, pork, coffee, salt and sugar. I took a towel, one pair of socks, my oilcloth and blanket. This evening we heard heavy and continued firing up the Yazoo, supposed to be Sherman attacking Hams Bluffs.

MAY 1. Friday. Up at 4, and started on our march at daylight, accompanied by the 95th and a big train of commissaries. A fine road has been

made by Bush's engineering corps. We passed through Richmond, a small country town. It is a beautiful country and the planters are wealthy. The plantations range from six hundred to twenty-four hundred acres. The land is low and level and the soil is rich. The roads have been very bad, but are better now. We made a hard march of nineteen miles.

MAY 2. Marched fifteen miles, very tired. We passed McArthur's division this forenoon. Weather awfully hot.

MAY 3. Started at 5 o'clock, as usual. The country through which we are now passing is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The plantation mansions are grand, and the grounds and outbuildings are fitted up in fine style. Each plantation has a splendid steam gin, and some have steam cane-mills as well. The mills must have cost between ten and twenty, possibly thirty thousand dollars. The inhabitants have but recently left. They put in their corn crops, and some cotton, before going. The corn is nearly two feet in height. The boys have destroyed a number of gins and a good deal of furniture. The roads have mostly followed the banks of bayous, and alligators, turtles and snakes abound. The boys have shot a number of alligators. We marched twenty miles today. I became overheated and completely exhausted.

MAY 4. We started early and after marching eight miles, arrived at the landing called "Hard Times," where we took the steamer "Silver Wave." We crossed the river and landed four miles below at Grand Gulf. There is a high promontory and a range of bluffs here which the Rebels had forfeited with nine guns. It commanded the entrance to the Black River as well as the Mississippi. It was a fort of nature's own construction. We have had a fatiguing march and a good many have given out. Grant's headquarters are eighteen miles back. We hear that Logan's division is in advance and has done good fighting, also that many prisoners have been taken. I should like to hear from home very much just now.

MAY 5. Gov. Yates and Adj. Gen. Thomas are here. We are detailed to remain here and do fatigue duty. The burning barges loaded with provisions came down this evening. The town of Grand Gulf is entirely destroyed. I didn't know there had been a town there until told.

MAY 6. We hear that McClelland's troops are advancing. One hundred and twenty-eight prisoners came in this morning. We are having a very cold snap for this time of the year.

MAY 7. Thursday. Very cold again today. Had to stand around the fire to keep warm. Seventy-four more prisoners came in today. A good many of our boys found old friends or acquaint-

tances among them. They have been very poorly dressed and fed. There is general activity today, Steele's division is crossing over—also Tuttle's. Gunboats and transports are engaged in the work.

MAY 8. Friday. All quiet. Sherman's corps moved out this morning. An exorbitant price is demanded for everything. A sheet of paper and envelope are five cents each. Twenty-five cents for a lemon; six dollars for a canteen of whisky; milk costs a dollar a quart, and other things in proportion. At 5 o'clock we boarded the "Empire City" for the lower landing, fifteen miles below, to protect the hospital and bring off the wounded.

MAY 9. Saturday. We disembarked early this morning and went back in the country three miles where we found about three hundred of our wounded in a splendid country mansion. The books show that the house cost over one hundred thousand dollars. We lay here in the shade during the day while the ambulances were carrying the wounded down to the river.

MAY 10. Sunday. We were awakened last night at 11 o'clock and ordered to fall in with all possible speed. We hurried back to the river and returned to Grand Gulf, which was supposed to be in danger of an attack. Flats and transports brought down shipping teams which sent food to the front. Cumbersworth, Hagan and Hunt each got a barrel of flour last night when they were on

extra duty, burying a soldier.

MAY 11. Monday. Made out muster rolls this forenoon. Blair's division came down this afternoon.

MAY 12. Tuesday. On brigade guard. Jim Chester and I went outside the pickets and picked dewberries and mulberries, all we could eat.

MAY 13. Wednesday. I made a raise on commissary last night. Boggs, Schultz and I ran the pickets and got some mulberries this morning, and brought back four quarts of which we made pies this afternoon. McArthur's division is coming in. Hooker is fighting a great battle in the East. We cannot get the particulars.

MAY 14. Thursday. We got orders this morning to be ready to move at a moment's notice. We hear that Grant has had another battle. The "Gen. Price" came up this morning from Red River. We were ordered on the march at 8 o'clock. It rained just enough to lay the dust and make good marching. We marched ten miles and camped on a small stream. The country is rough and hilly. The roads follow the ranges of hills, so there are few to climb. Every patch of ground that is tillable is tilled and planted to corn.

MAY 15. Friday. Marched twenty miles, saw some fine fields of wheat that are just turning. We heard the cheering news today that Richmond, the Rebel capital, is captured, and also that Jackson,

Miss., is taken. The country is the same as yesterday—rough and hilly.

MAY 16. Saturday. We had a hard march of twenty-five miles today. We passed through Utica and camped at Raymond. We heard cannonading in the direction of Big Black Bridge. A battle is supposed to be taking place. The hills have gradually disappeared and the face of the country is quite smooth. I saw wheat nearly ready for the reaper. The boys are tired tonight. I keep up fine. We passed a number of hospitals filled with the wounded and also passed a large number of prisoners.

MAY 17. Sunday. We started for Big Black Bridge early. Nine miles out we came upon the road leading from Jackson to Vicksburg, and were upon the battle ground of yesterday. The horrors of war were everywhere visible. The dead and wounded were scattered around over the ground. Here we came upon Bill Stafford, who said McPherson's corps took seventeen hundred prisoners and thirteen pieces of artillery, but were badly cut up. They are burying the dead. It is rumored that Pemberton was killed. In one place the horses of nearly a whole battery were killed. We marched five miles, joined our old brigade, and camped on Black River. Our advance has reached the bridge, and taken three thousand prisoners, and seventeen cannon. McPherson says we have taken seven

thousand prisoners and sixty-eight pieces of light artillery since crossing the Mississippi. We saw Stevenson and Logan this afternoon. I saw Quimby when we stopped for dinner. A number of fellows swam the Black River and captured chickens, pigs, etc. The Rebels have chosen their own ground and have been badly whipped each time. We draw *scarcely any rations*. Engineers are bridging the river.

MAY 18. Monday. We lay in camp until 1 o'clock, when the bridge was completed and orders came to advance. We crossed in the rear of Blair's division and marched to within six miles of Vicksburg. The country is nothing but a succession of hills. Sherman's corps was in the advance. The roads were very dusty, but we marched six miles before we bivouaced for the night, tired, hungry.

MAY 19. Tuesday. Arose early and advanced three miles and formed our line of battle, our brigade on the left of Smith's. We held this line until afternoon. On the right they fought a little, some balls passing over our heads. About 1 o'clock we moved up and formed a line. Shells passed over our heads, one man in our regiment was wounded and three horses killed. By this time our batteries were planted and the cannonading became general. It lasted until 3 o'clock and then slackened and we moved to the right about half a mile. McPherson, Logan and Stevenson are in the thick-

est of it. We hear that Sherman's right rests on the Mississippi, and McClernand's left, below. If so they have them completely surrounded. All praise to Gen. Grant. The country is rough and hilly, and the hills steep and rugged, and run in ranges parallel around the town. At 1 o'clock we moved still further to the left and a little forward. Wounded men are being brought in rapidly. We lay here till morning.

MAY 20. Wednesday. We were astir early and took breakfast. Cannonading began at daylight. We were ordered back to our brigade and moved up to the road. Shells were thrown over, so we moved to the right and were drawn up. Here we were protected by a hill, and awaited orders. We were soon ordered to the left, and advanced about half a mile or more, and lay under the brow of a hill which protected us from the enemy's fire. Their line of works are but forty rods in advance.

10 o'clock—Batteries on our right have opened and there is a regular artillery duel going on over our heads. There is an occasional premature burst, one of which seriously wounded Dare. Doty and Shaw each got a slight rap. Our line of skirmishes while and fired fifty-nine rounds. While there, are on the hill above. I went up and skirmished a word was brought me that Frank was slightly wounded. The ball hit a pocket, which was full of things, broke a looking glass, the handle of a tooth-

brush, and a thick letter from Cousin Sarah. It merely broke the skin, making a bruise. He had not fired a single shot. Seven of our regiment were wounded today. We lay here all night. A singular incident happened during the night. We struck up a conversation with the Rebels. One of our boys, after talking a long time, found he was talking with an old friend. Inquiries were made for mutual acquaintances, and they had a real social time. Finally they laid down their arms and came together. The line of fire that followed the shell from our gunboats and mortars sent over that ill-fated town was a grand sight.

MAY 21. Thursday. At daylight the implements of death and destruction were opened once more. I saw some splendid work done by our artillery and there were many little incidents worthy of note. Three shots came very near hitting me, one went between Doty's head and mine, which were about a foot apart. Brisk fighting all day. Bill Stafford came here and I wrote a few lines home and sent them by him to mail. At dark the firing ceased and a lively chat was again opened by the contending parties. It looked singular to see men fighting with deadly aim during the day, and then spending the night in friendly conversation. I slept in the same hollow. Gunboats and mortars fired at regular intervals.

MAY 22. Our line of skirmishes opened at day-

light as usual. 7 o'clock—Scaling ladders are being brought around. 10 o'clock—Deployed for the charge. Terrific cannonading going on over our heads. Shells are prematurely bursting, wounding our own men. Night—The day has finally passed away. The 81st Ill. and the 7th Mo. made the charge and were repulsed. Charging was done along the whole of the lines, but it was not a concerted movement and proved a total failure, owing probably to the nature of the grounds. Our boys charged up to the works in splendid style but were not supported. The Confederates raised and poured deadly volumes among them and swept their ranks with grape. We left a good many killed and wounded upon the field. Among the officers, the Colonel of the 81st was killed and Humphries of the 95th. Our regiment made no charge, but advanced close to the works and acted as sharpshooters, and when our charging column was repulsed, we were ordered to retreat. J. R., fool-like, gave the order loud and distinct, and as we fell back they poured the musketry and grape among us. We finally returned to the old camp, having lost eighteen, killed and wounded. The Rebel works extend as far as the eye can see. They are a succession of forts and rifle pits.

MAY 23. Saturday. Rainy. How I wish I had a clean shirt or time to wash this! We were up in good time and moved toward the scene of action.

We again acted as skirmishers. No charges were made today. We lost two men. As soon as it was dark, Sweeny, Chester and myself dug a fort on the brow of the hill, and also a line of retreat. While we were at work the Rebels struck up a conversation. They were lively and sociable. They wanted to meet us half way and have a sensible chat. They appeared quite confident of holding the place. They made a great many inquiries after old friends and acquaintances. They are tired of war, generally and said they wish old Abe and Jeff Davis had to fight it out. They said they would give anything for a little coffee. The conversation became too general and our batteries opened and put a quietus on it by sending over a few quiet reminders.

MAY 24. Sunday. Up early and took our position behind the works. I had fired but one shot when we were relieved by the 80th Ill., and returned to camp for a day's rest. Toward noon Grant issued an order for each man to wash and clean up. The order was quickly and gladly obeyed. Captain Wheeler's company returned today. Bill was here but a short time when he was wounded. Two of our men were wounded. The rumor is afloat that Joe Johnston is coming up in our rear. It had the effect of closing up a lot of miserable stragglers. We have a line of rifle pits dug within five or six rods of the Rebel works, running parallel, from which the 20th Ill. is trying to under-

mine the main fort. The Rebels are no doubt suspicious of their intentions, for they began to rain down grenades upon them. About this time a sad accident happened. One of the thirty-two pound parrots threw a shell among the 20th, which took off the legs and an arm for one poor fellow, a leg and an arm for another, killed two, and wounded several others. This double attack was too much for them and they fell back. This encouraged the Rebels and they rose and poured a heavy and continued fire upon us, which was finally silenced by our sharpshooters and artillery. Lavanan's division has been sent back to take care of the rear. We are confident of success. I stood one hour picket tonight.

MAY 25. Monday. A good deal of firing and some cannonading up to 3 o'clock, when a flag of truce came out. I was over the hills after plums at the time. There was a cessation of firing along the whole line. Dispatches were sent to Gen. Grant. Logan went down to the Hollow where he met the Rebel Colonel Montgomery, a major and a number of other officers. Hostilities were suspended till 8 o'clock and we went over and buried our dead of the day of the charge. They had lain three days in the sun and had turned black. Firing had no sooner ceased along the line than the contending parties mingled like a flock of sheep. A great many found friends and relatives, and two or three

found brothers. The Rebels were very anxious to exchange for coffee. They are, taken altogether, the finest looking lot of Confeds I have seen. We mingled to such an extent that their officers ordered them back, I think that they were afraid to trust them, for a good many did desert. When they turned back they bade us good-bye and said it was hard to open hostilities again. Frank is around. I got a letter from home.

MAY 26. Tuesday. Very little artillery firing this forenoon. I went down to Cook's quarters, got some paper for Buck, and wrote home. They are connecting headquarters with telegraph wires. One man was wounded this afternoon. One brigade from each division is moving back to the rear. They moved about 11 o'clock at night, under the command of Gen. Frank Blair. Heavy details are at work entrenching.

MAY 27. Wednesday. Moved back to the next hollow in the night. This morning Brophy was wounded. The day was mostly spent in fixing up cane brake shanties or shades. Toward night, Wood of Co. A was killed.

MAY 28. Thursday. We were ordered sharpshooting this morning. Nothing extraordinary happened. Dick Stephens was killed this afternoon—shot through the head. I was on guard last night. They threw three or four shells over us. Were busy all the fore part of the night issuing

rations, and bringing water from the river. Col. Smith came back today.

MAY 29. Friday. We were relieved and returned to camp early this morning. Jim Cheshier was wounded. The ball passed through our shanty and over me. Our artillery along the whole line opened this morning and it was a grand sight. The Rebels dare not reply. They did not show a piece. We fired one hour this morning and one this evening—giving them their daily rations, also opened in the night pouring hundreds of shot and shell among them.

MAY 31. Sunday. Today ends one month of active campaign, which has so far been successful, and I do not see why it should not end more brilliantly than it has begun. I hope to Heaven it will. Bill Stafford brought over the news this morning that Joe Johnston is fortifying Jackson. Our knaps came in from Young's Point today all right. The weather is hot and sultry. Some artillery firing. I went upon the hill this evening to see the mortars shell the town. The sight is beautiful, but it is sad to think of those deadly missiles so faithfully doing their work of destruction. Many a family tie has no doubt been severed. We hear that a great many women and children have been killed. Surely the instigators of war ought to suffer.

JUNE 1. Monday. A terrific cannonading was

opened and kept up a long time from our line last night. I think it must have awakened some of the Rebels from their slumbers. Rumors are afloat this morning that the Confeds tried to cut their way through but were driven back. We had inspection of arms this morning, by Reynolds, at 10 o'clock. The artillery are getting a heavy supply of ammunition ready at their batteries and are preparing for operations. The weather is hot. We have a well dug in the quarters, which furnishes good water.

JUNE 2. The mortar boats were unusually active last night, and part of the town was burned. It made a grand illumination. Towards morning infantry firing opened, also artillery. We were immediately formed for action, not knowing what was coming, but we thought it was the Rebs. It finally died down and we lay ready to fall in at a moment's notice, but were not disturbed until morning. We were up before the sun, preparing to be out sharp-shooting. Our artillery opened the middle of the afternoon and poured a perfect torrent of shot and shell over us. A good many burst among us. One man was wounded and we thought ourselves very lucky that no more were hurt. At night our boys tried to strike up a confab with the enemy, but not a word could be drawn from them. They were as silent as their works.

JUNE 3. Wednesday. We were relieved early
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and returned to camp. Quiet during the day. Siege guns are coming up and heavy details are at work, entrenching and fortifying. About 8 o'clock, just as I had gone to bed and gotten to sleep, after a good wash, we were awakened by the boom of musketry, and ordered to form our line of battle immediately. We did so. Co. K and one or two others were held in reserve while the others were at work digging rifle pits. The firing gradually died away as it did the night before, and we lay down at 2 o'clock in the morning, dressed and equipped so as to be ready to fall in at a moment's warning. It was rumored that the Rebs were making a desperate effort to cut their way through the net Grant completely enclosed them in, but the rumor proved false.

JUNE 4. Thursday. All quiet. Heavy details were made to work on fortifications. One detail was at work digging a magazine which caved in and killed one man and wounded another from our regiment. I was on the detail that worked on the big fork of the road. I worked for over an hour in plain view of the Rebel sharpshooters on the right. They were not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards distant. I expected a ball every minute, but for some reason they didn't fire until our relief came on and then they sent a volley over. The work we are constructing here is on an eminence not more than twenty rods from the main

Rebel fort. From here one can see the river, town, and a large hospital camp, also three lines of works, mostly rifle pits. We have heard that the fire in town the other night was their commissary depot and that the citizens set it on fire to end their sufferings, which were beyond their power of patriotism and fortitude to endure. It is rumored that they first requested Pemberton to cut out or surrender. The Rebels called over the line the other night for us to look out as they had a new General. We asked who it was and they replied: "General Starvation." Blair's expedition is returning from the rear; they went within sixteen miles of Yazoo City, but old Joe was nowhere to be found. A division has just come down from above. I wrote home today.

JUNE 5. Friday. All quiet today, I went out with Boggs and picked some blackberries. At dusk I went up to look at the fort, and after dark got over to look at the "land gunboat" as it is called. Frank went over to the Point after some of the Captain's things.

JUNE 6. Saturday. There was a little skirmish last night on the left. Drove in the Rebel outposts and captured one prisoner. A number of deserters came in today. Six siege guns are coming up from the river. Today is the quietest we have had since we took up our position before the town.

JUNE 7. Sunday. Up early, regiment formed

and went out skirmishing. The Rebels command a hollow which we were obliged to cross. They poured in quite a fire, but no one was hurt. The regiment came across all right.

JUNE 8. Monday. The company formed before daylight and we crossed the exposed hollow before light, leaving three men at the rifle pits. Artillery firing tonight. Boggs and I went up to the big fort. It is progressing finely. We were fired at from there. After dark they had a regular moonlight skirmish and in the fracas our "land gunboat" was burned. We succeeded in running it nearly up to the fort.

JUNE 9. Tuesday. Went back about one and one-half miles with Doty and Boggs, got three quarts of berries, and took a good wash. Very hot and dusty. We are anxiously looking for rain. Our eighty-four pound siege gun has arrived.

JUNE 10. Wednesday. We had not more than finished our early breakfast when the flood gates of heaven, with all its artillery opened. The rain poured down on our houseless heads in torrents. We covered up our things with oilcloths as best we could and sat on them to keep them dry. Some of the boys were located in the ditch, but they were doomed to a complete rout. The water came sweeping down in torrents, bearing shanties, rails, and every obstruction before it. The ditch was no sooner filled than it overran the bottom, sending

the occupants skadaddling to higher ground. It rained all day in showers, not giving us time to dry our blankets. It has most effectively laid the dust. The Rebs have taken advantage of the rain and tried to plant a battery, but our artillery poured in round after round, slightly deranging their plans. We have our eighty-four pounder mounted. Was detailed for guard at the amunition magazine just before night. We had another heavy shower after dark.

JUNE 11. Thursday. It cleared off in the course of the day but the ground is muddy. We had another man wounded today, making thirty-nine in all. Our big gun threw over some shell and did splendid work. Our division has about forty cane breakers, none from our regiment. They have to work at fatigue. There is talk of working them into a pioneer corps. It is reported that Grant has gone up the Yazoo and left McPherson in command. McPherson is gaining the good will of his corps rapidly. He is almost universally liked and esteemed. We were relieved early and returned to camp. I exchanged my minnie for an Enfield.

JUNE 12. Friday. Some artillery along the line. The old gun occasionally sends over its dirt disturbers. We have had a beautiful day. The Rebs sent over a few shells, one of which burst over our regiment, but hurt no one. Doty, Schultz

and I went after blackberries this morning. I got five or six quarts. Troops are coming up the landing and going up to the Yazoo. Huron's command went up yesterday. They had an engagement at Milliken's Bend. Negro troops were in action and are reported to have done well. Frank Bishop was killed.

JUNE 14. Sunday. Another fine day. Rebs unusually active, throwing shell. They have one gun that is causing us considerable trouble. It is back in the rear and our artillery cannot disturb it. I wrote home today.

JUNE 15. Monday. We were aroused at 3 o'clock this morning. The company was formed and went out sharpshooting. The enemy were rather quiet, but they had a piece of artillery or mortar directly opposite from which they sent over shell all day. It was out of sight, but we had our artillery loaded and ready and as soon as we could see the smoke from their guns the shells were put in from all directions. A number burst prematurely. They killed Milligan of Co. A, and wounded three others. Boggs got a slight rap. It hit his gun first and spoiled that, and then hit him on the arm. As soon as it was dark we struck up a conversation. Uncle Ben and four of the others went down and met an equal number of Confeds. They had quite a chat, but could get no satisfaction from it. They say they have lain in rifle pits

nearly a month. The 36th Miss. is opposite us. They all tell us the Tenn. and Mo. troops are kept in the rear because they cannot trust them on the outposts. Two or three deserted and came over to headquarters last night. They showed three days' rations, it would have done for one meal, such as it was—a small strip of thin pork and a chunk of bread baked out of peas. They came to the conclusion they would rather die cowards than martyrs.

JUNE 16. Tuesday. Up at 5 o'clock and returned to camp. Doty and I started for blackberries. I picked a gallon. Davis got an order for flour and sugar. Ragan baked pies. Frank and I got a letter from home.

JUNE 17. Wednesday. Cool and pleasant. Rebs threw over a good many shell from their guns. We always knew when it was coming for it was heralded by six or eight shots from our batteries. I helped make out muster rolls today.

JUNE 18. Thursday. I worked at muster rolls almost all day. About noon I was agreeably surprised to be accosted by Pat Gallegher and George Hissung. Pat is Captain, and George is about to be Second Lieutenant. I was extremely glad to see them. They both look the same as ever and are body guards of Smith, who is on our left. Frank got a pass and went over to Hovey's division to find A. B. Knight, but he was wounded at Cham-

pion Mills, caught and paroled by the Rebs and sent north, and I expect by this time he is at home. He was a good soldier.

JUNE 19. Friday. We were called from our slumbers by bursting shells and they continued to come at regular intervals all day. They were shrapnel filled with a handful of small balls, which rained down in a perfect shower among us, but fortunately no one was hurt. Their guns are in hollows and used as mortars out of range of ours and we can do no better than let them shoot. A good many of our boys are burrowing into the hillside. We received the melancholy news last evening of the death of Dare. Poor fellow! he was a good soldier and a true patriot. One shell from the Rebs' old mortar fell directly into the tent of Stolbrand (chief of artillery on Logan's staff) bursting in the ground, tearing everything to pieces, and scattering dirt on the writing desks in other tents, but strange to tell, no one was hurt. Stolbrand was out.

JUNE 20. Saturday. Last night deserters came in reporting another massing of troops, and about 2 o'clock in the morning our brigade formed and were ordered up to the rifle pits. The pits were filled without Co. K, and we marched back to camp as reserve, so I lay down and slept until morning. About 4 o'clock Logan's old whistling Jack sent over its eighty-four pound messenger. This was

the signal for the whole line to open. From six to eighty-four pounders now united in pouring over a perfect shower of shell on doomed secession. This continued until 10 o'clock, six long hours. When we were through they opened their old mortar and another gun. The shell from the small gun burst over our brigade, throwing numberless pieces among us. One shell struck on the left of the 7th Mo., in the midst of a crowd standing around a well. They immediately fell down and rolled away. The shell burst, tore up the ground, and hurt no one. Such accidents are constantly occurring, but the boys are not always so fortunate. We partly expected a charge today. Sappers and miners are digging into the fort; we can see them from above. Gen. McClellan is relieved and O. E. Ord takes command of his corps.

JUNE 21. Sunday. We were ordered out at 3 o'clock for skirmishing. We had a six pounder planted between Co. C's pits and ours. Johnny Moe, 1st Lieut. Co. C, was shot through the leg, and had it taken off. The Rebs continue to be quite active and use their mortar considerably. One of their shells struck one of our big guns, beside which one of the Generals was standing. It glanced down the side opposite him, battering the carriage, but hurt no one though it exploded. There is a place between picket post and camp where five or six Red sharpshooters have a fine range. Mail

came in early this morning. I received letters from Uncle P., Aunt C. and Rosalie. Papers also came in, and with them the report of another invasion of Pennsylvania. Report said the Rebs were already at Chambersburg. I got a pass and went over to Smith's division to see Hissung and the boys. I found them all well but Bill H. I had a good time and returned to camp the middle of the afternoon. Two men were wounded in camp today. We had roll call this evening. Gen. Johnston has at last crossed the Black with a force variously estimated at from thirty to seventy thousand. Divisions, brigades, and batteries are being detached and sent to meet him. It is reported that Grant and McPherson have gone to the rear in person. If the Rebs wrest Vicksburg from us now they must pay dear for it.

JUNE 23. Tuesday. Sweeny and I went to work remodelling our shanty this morning and at 11 o'clock were detailed on fatigue to fix Gen. Logan's bomb-proof underground cellar. We finished it about noon. I took a knife from his culinary department. The regiment was called on for numerous details of fatigue duty today.

JUNE 24. Wednesday. I was awakened about 10 o'clock last night by the roars of artillery and musketry. An incessant fire was kept up for two hours. We learned today that the Rebs made a sortie but were driven back. They wanted to

hinder us advancing our lines but did not succeed. Day before yesterday I saw some of the cavalry bring in ripe peaches and green corn.

JUNE 25. Thursday. We hear the forces in our rear have had a slight engagement. Our forces fell back until they had their position and then repulsed the Rebs and drove them back in confusion. The cheering and acceptable rumor of the capture of Port Hudson has reached us. It is said to be official. The latest news from the east is that the Rebel raid is rapidly progressing and they are within forty-seven miles of Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. Lee and his generals are surely adopting Napoleon's tactics. It yet remains to be seen whether they have the genius to carry out the bold and fearless plans. It is now 2 o'clock. The artillery is getting busy, and it is rumored that we shall have work before night. The brigade was formed in rifle pits at the brow of the hill. Gen. J. Leggett's brigade was formed in the rear of the fort. We lay here an hour before the explosion took place. It was followed by four others that we could see, and a general opening of artillery along the whole line, and also the mortars and gunboats and fleet. As soon as it occurred, regiments filed up parallel with the fort and poured a close and deadly fire into the enemy's face. Hand grenades were freely used on both sides. We lost severely and did not accomplish our object. The fault must

have been the engineers'. The fort was not destroyed, the concussion was not near what we expected it would be. We lay there all night. The throwing of hand grenades was kept up. At dusk I went and drew a new gun.

JUNE 26. Friday. We were ordered out on picket early this morning. The Rebs on our front were very shy. I only caught an occasional glimpse of them, but fired fifty rounds, mostly at their port holes and works. A good many shells and pieces came among us, but no one was hurt. Our boys at the fort had warmer work and finally fell back.

JUNE 27. Saturday. There were a number wounded this morning and ambulances continually passed through camp. The day is hot and sultry. At dusk Doty and I went within a few feet of the Rebels' fort. We have sunk another shaft and are again undermining their works. We climbed the observatory and took a good look at Vicksburg, the river, and its surrounding works.

JUNE 28. Sunday. Hot and sultry. Went after blackberries alone this morning and picked four quarts. Had a good wash and returned to camp. Johnston gradually closing up.

JUNE 29. Monday. Hot and sultry, and very dusty. Rebels unusually quiet. News from the east very meager. Hooker has ordered a seal to be put on the press, but from what we can hear a terrible battle is imminent. May the great Ruler

of the Universe grant us success.

JUNE 30. Tuesday. Hot and sultry. Our regiment was paid this morning. I received twenty-three dollars. A stoppage of three dollars for the premium which Phelps paid me at Memphis was detached. Co. L, 2nd Ill. Vol. Artillery came in this evening with rifles and James guns, direct from Memphis. It is the same battery which was sunk in the river this side of Grand Gulf while crossing over. They had occasion to stop below Lake Providence and shell a squad of Rebs. Our regiment is not in as good health as a week ago. This evening we were ordered out for picket.

JULY 1. Wednesday. Regiment out on picket, but I worked at pay rolls. The brigade was formed and preparations were made to blow up the fort. I went over the hill and up the hollow to watch for the explosion. I waited a moment before the shock of the explosion was felt, and it looked as if the whole inside of the fort was torn out. It threw out several people, one Negro was thrown a hundred and fifty feet, lighting on his head and shoulders, scarcely hurting him. He attempted to run back, but a half dozen leveled muskets brought him back. He and others were digging on the inside to weaken the blast, which it did to a considerable extent. No charge was attempted and all resumed the old quiet again. The regiment returned from picket after dusk.

JULY 2. Thursday. Mail came in late last evening. Got a letter from Father, Mother and Rosalie. I went after blackberries and picked a gallon. I had a good wash. Nothing of interest, but a good many shells which the Rebs threw over.

JULY 3. Friday. There was a brisk skirmish on our left last night. The Rebs came out of their works and attempted to drive in our picket, but were driven back with a loss of nearly one hundred men whom they left on the field. At 10 o'clock a flag of truce came out and the bearer was escorted to Gen. Grant's headquarters. As to the object, every one has his own opinion. I hope to Heaven it is to propose terms of surrender. Most of the boys think it is to bury the killed of last night. Neut. Davis and I took advantage of the cessation of hostilities and crossed the hill to the old fort. We slipped the guard and reached the far end of the works within a few yards of those of the Rebels, who lined their parapets as far as the eye could see. We stood face to face with them, almost near enough to shake hands, yet not a word was spoken on either side until their officers ordered us down as we were inspecting their works too closely. Gen. Leggitt ordered us to go outside the guard and their officers drew off their men. Hostilities were suspended until 2:30, when a few shells came over and burst, banishing for a while our fond illusions. But at 3 o'clock! Hail Columbia, Happy Land!

Vicksburg is ours! General rejoicing along the line. Gen. Grant and his cavalry are to go in and capitulation commences. Thus ends one of the most brilliant campaigns the world has known since the days of Austerlitz. No one but Napoleon has equalled it. It has resulted in the complete destruction of the Rebel army at Vicksburg. They have lost without doubt about forty thousand men. The boys are beginning to think Grant is a Napoleon. He has completely wiped out his Shiloh affair. Papers of the 29th in camp show very discouraging news from the East. The Rebs are throwing heavy columns into Pennsylvania, and are threatening Pittsburg, Harrisburg and Baltimore. Northern papers give no account of the army movements. Hooker has been superseded by Gen. Meade of the 5th Army Corps.

JULY 4. Saturday. The sun rose bright and clear to usher in this most eventful day to the American people, but a sad accident happened early in the morning, which served to mar in no slight degree our rejoicing. A shell which had been lying around the quarters for two weeks with the cap taken off and most of the powder knocked out, and some of the time filled with water, was put in a post fire with the intention of scaring a certain shaky individual, and had been forgotten. Dreggs of Co. E lit it and watched the post fire burn for a while and then he picked it up and carried it

and threw it over into the quarters. It no sooner touched the ground than it burst, and as good luck would have it, only one man was hurt. Brown, of Co. E, a fine fellow and a good soldier, was hit in the side, it going through and tearing off part of the lung. He lived but a short time. At 10 o'clock terms were concluded. The Rebs are to be paroled and the officers are to retain their side arms and personal property. Between 10 and 11 o'clock the Rebs marched outside and stacked their arms, after which they returned to camp. At 2 o'clock the troops on the left began marching in. At 3 we formed, and after marching a while in the broiling sun and suffocating dust, our division moved in and up to the courthouse. We passed a large number of Confeds. They are as good a looking set of Reb. troops as we have seen. Most of them are glad they have surrendered. Only a few look sober and sullen. They had holes dug into the side hill to protect them from our shells. They look as if it were a sorry 4th of July for them. Their burial grounds in the diherent hollows testify to the number they have had killed. The ground back of their camps is badly torn up by our mortars, the trees are all marked up, and the limbs cut off by our shot and shell. Minnie balls, whole shells and pieces, and solid shot cover the ground. They have defended the place bravely and I say "All honor to them." We marched around the courthouse,

stacked arms, and lay there about three hours. Citizens had nice little caves dug into the banks where they took their families and lived during the siege. The mortars have nearly destroyed the town. Large buildings were torn to pieces, each by a single shell. Some went straight through, and some exploded inside and tore them. A few citizens were killed. Citizens are moving back to their ruined dwellings. They look down-hearted and sad, I suppose that in their hearts they wish that the ordinance of secession had never been passed. Two shells struck the courthouse. One took a pillar from the observatory and just nicked the roof as it descended. The other passed down the roof, burst, and killed eighteen. Some of the boys, together with several Confeds, broke into a store and stole a large quantity of tobacco and some other things before the guard came around. A number of gaily dressed Confed officers passed us, among them being Col. Montgomery, chief of Pemberton's staff. The Confeds and our boys mingle together like old friends and have apparently forgotten that but a short time ago they were engaged in deadly strife. About 6 o'clock we were formed and marched back and camped inside the works, close behind where their old mortar had been fired. Also where their big siege gun had been planted and was afterward dismounted. The ground around the two pieces is all torn up by our

shot and shell. I went up to the right and saw a beautiful English gun which our boys used to call "Whistling Dick." It is a Whitworth and some of the Confeds told us it was the gun they had at Fort Pemberton, that sunk the Chillicothe. The works are full of artillery, most of which they never fired. I saw between the Whitworth and the fort, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, twenty-eight guns. Just at dark I was detailed to go over to camp and help fetch the supper. The Rebs have been living on one-fifth rations and are nearly starved. They mingled with us freely and we have divided our rations with them. They tell us they hope we may never know want while life lasts. Some of their regiments actually had mule meat issued to them on the morning of the 3rd, and it was in market at fifty cents a pound. We saw a shoulder of it dressed. Details are at work picking up small arms and accoutrements, of which they had a large number. Each man had two guns, one new Enfield (drawn since coming here) for long range and sharpshooting, and the other loaded with cartridges of their own make and fifteen buckshot, of which each man had forty rounds. If we had charged we should have lost heavily. We found glass bottles filled with powder and balls, with fuses in the ends, which were used as hand grenades. Grant dispatched Sherman's and part of Ord's corps to the rear this evening.

JULY 5. Sunday. Buck and I took a stroll over the works to the fort that was blown up this morning, returning about noon. While we were gone the regiment moved camp down to the hollows. We walked around the works with the Rebs. They told us where their best shots were fired, also where the most annoying ones came from. They are very friendly and our boys treat them well. I believe they will hate to fight us again. They are very anxious to get home. Frank and I went out and got a fly to put over our cook shed this afternoon. The boys are gathering tents, flies and cooking utensils from the different camps. Our tents and dishes came up from the river this afternoon, and the evening was spent once more in arranging a camp and digging a well.

JULY 6. Monday. I wrote home this morning. At 9 o'clock our regiment was ordered out on picket. We have a strong picket guard around the works to keep the Rebs in. Our company was out at the big fort which was blown up. My post was on the parapet beside it. This fort commands a view of the works on either side as far as the eye can reach. In the afternoon Boggs and I went over to our old camp and took a good wash. Nothing of importance happened until about 5 o'clock, when a thunderstorm passed over. It was preceded by an awful wind which nearly blew me off the parapet. Rebs drew rations.

JULY 7. Tuesday. We were relieved about 9 o'clock and returned to camp. The day was very hot and sultry. The Rebs are very anxiously awaiting their parole so they can go home. We had news of a skirmish in our rear; there were about two hundred prisoners brought in. I saw the Reb today who fired the grape and canister at us when we were behind the log on the 22nd. He is a fine fellow and gave our boys credit for making some good shots. He was anxious to know if he had hurt any of us. He said we had actually dismounted some of their pieces with our musketry. It weakened the spokes so that they would not stand the reaction when fired. The pieces are all dented up by Minnie balls. The top of his gun had been knocked off. He is from Tennessee. He gave me the name and rank of each of the generals we had captured at this place. They are: Gen. Pemberton, Tenn.; Maj. Gen. Smith, Va.; Forney, Ala.; Brigadier Generals Hober, La., Lee, Va., Green, Mo. (killed), Reynolds, Ga., Taylor, Ky., More, Ky., Wauld, La., Bowen, Mo., Vann, Tenn., Barton, Ala.

JULY 8. We had quite a rainstorm last night and today it is cool and pleasant. The Rebs are arond trading the company sugar for coffee and preparing to leave. Just after tattoo, orders came around to be ready at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning, armed and equipped.

JULY 9. We were up and stacked arms early

this morning and awaited orders but none came. News came into camp this evening of a fight in Helena. Gen. Price attacked the place with sixteen thousand troops and came very near taking it, but with the assistance of the old wooden gunboats the Rebs saved the day and drove him back, taking over a thousand prisoners. Price left his killed and wounded on the field. The Negro troops are said to have fought like tigers. The news from the East is fair. Meade met the enemy at Gettysburg on the 3rd and they are still fighting. It is reported that he repulsed two of the grand army corps under Longstreet and Hill. Rosencrans has advanced and occupies Tallahoma, Bragg's stronghold.

JULY 10. Friday. We had another rain last night, and the water ran into our tent. Doty and I ran the blockades this morning and went over to see our blackberry patch. I stopped at our old camp on the way back and took a wash. We had our berries baked into pies. Capt. Wheeler bought a keg of beer this afternoon for the boys to celebrate the victory. Nearly all of Co. K are drunk. Columbus Patterson started home on his furlough today.

JULY 11. Saturday. We were aroused from our slumbers at an early hour this morning, (between 3 and 4 o'clock) with orders to be ready to move at 5 o'clock. Breakfast was over and we had

our canteens filled and accoutrements on at the required time. The brigade moved up the road to the main entrance and deployed in line. The Rebs were formed in their different camps and marched between our lines, were halted, brought to a front, and ordered to unstring their knapsacks. Our commissioned officers, except one to a company, were set to work examining paroles to see if they were genuine, and the baggage to see that it contained nothing contraband. A number, when they saw this, slipped out from the ranks and threw away packages of powder. Our company picked out of the ravine a dozen packages or more. Our company was on guard along the line. We had a guard to stop Negroes. It was a touching sight to see some of them part from their masters—they loved them sincerely. Very few besides the officers had them. A few women passed out. The officers carried their swords and revolvers slung by their sides. I saw Gen. Pemberton, Maj. Gen. Bowen, Brig.-Gen. Hebay, of the C. S. A. pass out. We passed out some four or five thousand on this road. The weather is hot and sultry. A sick surgeon came out and while they were examining the regiment he became worse. I brought him some fresh water and he asked me to call on him, as he was carried back to a small tent on the hill in plain sight. I did so after we were relieved, and took his Nig to camp with me and sent him back with warm

cakes and tea. About 3 o'clock I was on a detail which was sent up the road to relieve a guard who had been out since morning. We had been on post but a few moments when we were relieved, and I returned to my protegee. He had been in all the eastern engagements, from the battle of Winchester to that of Antietam, he having been with Stonewall Jackson. He was perfectly familiar with all the country around Winchester, Bunker Hill, Martinsburg, Williamsport, and Harper's Ferry. He was an assistant surgeon in Gen. Ewell's division hospital, and helped amputate Gen. Ewell's leg above the knee, at the second battle of Bull Run. He complimented our eastern troops quite highly, and also Gen. McClellan. He said he heard Jackson and Lee say that McClellan was the man they feared most. He was speaking of what a cruel thing this war was and remarked that most of his friends and relatives were in the North, his mother was in Warsaw, Ind. There I halted him, as a matter of course, and let him know our Indiana company was raised in that identical place. He made a good many anxious inquiries, but I was not enough acquainted in that city to give him any satisfactory information. He afterwards spoke of Havana, Ill., and said he had practiced medicine in that town. He was greatly surprised when I told him our company was from Havana, Mason County, Ill., and he was acquainted with a good

many of the boys as I named them over. I bolted off for the company and sent up Boggs, who was much surprised to hear that his father's old partner was a prisoner in our hands. Papers of the 7th came in this evening, bringing enthusiastic accounts of a great battle and victory of Gen. Meade's army over the Rebs under their gallant General at Gettysburg. Gen. Meade's dispatches proclaim a great victory and the utter rout of the Rebs, with heavy losses of prisoners and colors. A boat came up from Port Hudson this evening, bringing news of the surrender of the place and garrison. Hurrah for Banks!

JULY 12. Sunday. After dinner, roll call. I mounted a mule which the boys had caught and saddled, and started for town. The place is very quiet. At the wharf you can see transports as far as the eye can reach in either direction. The river is quite low. I came around the Rebel works and in coming back was surprised to see so little artillery commanding the river. Only four guns and one mortar, and a one hundred and twenty-eight pounder, manufactured in Richmond, Va. In the land defenses from the river to the English Whitworth gun there are twenty-six pieces, making in all from Fort Hill around to town fifty-nine guns. Most of the troops have gone to the rear and there is less than an army corps here at the present.

JULY 13. Monday. Our forces in the rear are gradually closing up and skirmishing near Jackson.

JULY 14. Tuesday. The paymaster is here, working on the pay rolls and quarterly returns.

JULY 15. Wednesday. A heavy detail from our regiment was dispatched to work on Fort Hill today. They are gradually changing the looks of that once important fort, from a rude, unshapely mass of dirt to large neat and substantial works. This afternoon our boys, in filling up the hole made by the blast, dug out a number of bodies. They had been crowded into the hole and covered up. Heavy details are at work repairing the old line of Reb works, also in filling up and destroying our old ones. The famous covered way from the White House to Fort Hill is nearly destroyed. It seems too bad to destroy the works that we spent weeks of hard labor and exposure to construct. It seems to us that they should stand as monuments for future generations to look upon, but still we have implicit confidence in the good judgment of Gen. Grant.

JULY 16. Thursday. I am on duty again today. The duty is very heavy now as all the troops excepting two divisions have gone to the war. I helped unload ammunition today without any relief and was tired out when night came. They are running a large supply of ammunition back to the rear as rapidly as possible.

JULY 17. Friday. Early this morning we moved our camp over about one mile nearer town. We tore down some houses to get boards for our table and to fire up our mess quarters. About 1 or 2 o'clock we were paid again. I received forty-five dollars and fifty-five cents. Frank and I expressed home fifty dollars each. Stafford was around and gave me a Secesh song written in the ditches.

JULY 18. Saturday. On duty at Fort Hill carrying gabion baskets. Our old covered way is nearly destroyed. I got some peaches and apples today and we had some pies. I also had an ear of corn, but it was too hard to be good. Couriers came in today with the news that Joe Johnston had cut through our lines and was retreating. We get no late news from the East, and are on the tiptoe of anxiety. I wish Grant was on the Virginia side of that river for a short campaign. Papers on the 11th are here but no news only that Meade is concentrating.

JULY 19. Sunday. Hot and sultry. Had inspection at 10 o'clock. The order has come for granting furloughs, two go from our company—G. Ross and A. J. Van Auken. Got a Free Press but no letters from home. Dress parade this evening. A funny incident took place. One of the poor, half-starved horses that overrun the camp, preceded the band as it led the regiment, just in good

kicking distance. We got the New Orleans Sun the evening of the 15th. It has the particulars of the surrender and occupation of Port Hudson with five or six thousand prisoners.

JULY 20. Monday. Very hot and sultry. On fatigue, digging a well for headquarters. Got a number of papers which I culled from a cartload of them. Two months ago today the siege of Vicksburg began and was continued through forty-seven long, dreary days, and ended that glorious old day, the 4th of July.

JULY 21. Tuesday. Boats came in last night and brought Northern papers of the 14th. No particular news from the East, only Meade concentrating at Hayes. John Morgan is making a raid into Indiana. I hope he will succeed in arousing the people and then get himself captured. No news today from the rear. Jim Chessher came in this morning.

JULY 22. Wednesday. The furloughs have come this evening, approved. I send this north to be mailed by D. D. Ross. Our regiment registered two hundred and ninety men at the beginning of the siege. The day of the charge and other days while skirmishing and sharpshooting, our loss, killed and dead from wounds, was fourteen, forty wounded, making an aggregate of fifty-four, over seventeen per cent.

The order of the different divisions of Grant's

army besieging Vicksburg from the right to the left, June 28, 1863.

Under the command of Gen. Ord—Herron's, Lammaris', Hovey's, Osterhaus' (gone to the rear) Carris', A. J. Smith's.

Gen. McPherson's Corps—J. E. Smith's, Logan's, one brigade of McArthur's.

Gen. W. T. Sherman's Corps—Blair's, Tuttle's, Steele's.

Rear—Herron, Lammaris, Hovey, Osterhaus, Covy, A. J. Smith, J. E. Smith, Logan, McArthur, Blair, Tuttle and Steele.

JULY 7. The Generals captured are: Lieut.-Gen. Pemberton, Maj.-Gen. Stevenson, Tenn.; Smith, Va.; Forney, Ala., and Bowen, Mo. Brig.-Gen. Hebert, La.; Lee, Va.; Green, Mo.; (killed inside works), Reynolds, Ga.; Taylor, Ky.; More, Ky.; Wauld, La.; Vann, Tenn.; Barton, Ala.

Different army corps and commanders:

1st—Maj.-Gen. Reynolds.

3rd—Maj.-Gen. D. Sickles.

5th—Maj.-Gen. Meade.

6th—Maj.-Gen. Sedgwick.

9th—Maj.-Gen. Burnside.

11th—Maj.-Gen. Howard (formerly Siegel).

12th—Gen. Stoneman (cavalry).

13th—Maj.-Gen. O. E. Ord.

14th—Maj.-Gen. G. H. Thomas.

- 15th—Maj.-Gen. Sherman.
- 16th—Maj.-Gen. Hurlburt.
- 17th—Maj.-Gen. McPherson.
- 20th—Maj.-Gen. McDowell McCook.
- 21st—Maj.-Gen. Thos. Crittenden.





